The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Winter and Summer.

THE winter goes and the summer comes,
And the cloud descends in warm, wet showers;
The grass grows green where the frost has been,
And waste and wayside are fringed with flowers.

The winter goes and the summer comes,
And the merry bluebirds twitter and trill,
And the swallow swings on his steel-blue wings,
This way and that way, at wildest will.

The summer goes and the winter comes,
And the daisy dies and the daffodil dies,
And the softest bill grows horny and still,
And the days set dimly and dimly rise.

The summer goes and the winter comes,
And the red fire fades from the heart of the rose,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.

The winter comes and the winter stays.
Aye, cold and long, and long and cold,
And the pulses beat to the weary feet;
But we look for the summer after the cold.

The Years.

WHY do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round a small, sweet face,
As beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we could give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

Is it so, O Christ in heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

For the Myrtle.

Pleasant Memories for Little People.

I WAS a very little girl, no taller in fact than the dry and leafless old rose bush that persistently scratches against the window-pane this bleak day, when my papa, God bless his memory, brought home to me the tinest specimen of the canine race I had ever seen. The little fellow lay curled up, apparently fast asleep, but with one eye open, on the lookout possibly for danger, and just covered my father's hand as he extended it toward me. He was too small and cunning I thought, to be a real dog, but he shortly asserted his individuality by jumping down and joining in a frolic, and proved to be as jolly a puff-ball of a dog as though he could not tuck himself into a ball no larger than the palm of the hand.

The name which had been given our new pet was Rover, and we considered it shocking bad taste to call such an infinitesimal creature by so big a name. I proposed that it should be Tiny or Dot, or Jip, but Rover clung to him, and he never lost the familiar name.

Rover proved to be an apt pupil and craved as much society and intelligence as his larger brethren. Indeed he was much brighter than most of the largest specimens of his race of whom I have made the acquaintance. We taught him some things little boys and girls do not always do in their games, and that was to be honest and not cheat.

Rover would play hide and seek to perfection,

only the little fellow was the one to always "blind." At first he troubled us by peeping out from under the bed in the nursery when he was told to stay, but he soon learned it was very dishonorable to try to gain information in that manner, so the intelligent little creature ran to the extreme corner of the bed, as much as to say he would not place himself where he might be tempted to peep, and there he would remain until the signal was given, when out he would spring and run around the room, look in the most impossible places, such as behind picture frames, and on window seats, and when he did not find his little mistress as soon as he expected, I have seen him manifest as much impatience as some people I have known.

One day I was seated on papa's shoulder, and Rover got thoroughly out of patience before he espied me there. The animated little fellow barked so loudly and looked so savage, that notwithstanding his diminutive size, I had some misgivings about getting down to receive his demonstrations.

His play was sometimes rough, like larger dogs, and as he grew older he grew less amiable in disposition. I do not think this was his fault, so much as that of some ill natured boys who were frequently with him and loved to tease him. Teasing dumb animals is very bad sport, and children who indulge in it should remember that even the good will of a dog is better than his ill will. They should also remember the great wrong they do themselves by fostering a spirit so malicious. After Rover began to show this barking and biting disposition, he one day snapped at his devoted little mistress and bit her finger severely. I doubt not she shed some bitter tears. Rover was ashamed and looked penitent. He would not say, "do please forgive this first offense, I did not mean it, and will never do so again," but he looked those words, and when the little girl turned away to wipe her eyes, he bounded into her lap, and licked the poor finger, and wet eye-lids, and expressed as great sorrow as a dumb animal could.

I think he was forgiven and taken back into the big warm place he held in her heart.

Rover was our companion nearly everywhere we went, and he could not express sufficient delight when he found us starting for the woods for wild flowers, or to the fields for berries.

I see him now in imagination as I saw him then, with the small pail in his mouth, his black eyes expressing the utmost satisfaction, and his little curly tail in a perpetual motion of intense delight, while he trotted on before us, enjoying existence as only children and puppies can.

Rover was something of a genius in his way of imitating people, and it was very amusing sometimes, to see him persevere in chewing sweet flag or spruce gum, after he had observed children indulging in the same. He tried as persistently to love the unpalateable stuff, as silly boys do who disgust themselves and others by trying to form a taste for tobacco.

Rover was certainly a very knowing little fellow and might have been trained to perform many curious tricks. As it was he became quite a shining light, notwithstanding his diminutive size and his limited education.

The last years of Rover's life he became very fat and selfish, in fact he did not grow old gracefully. He was a little fat bundle which persisted in filling the softest seats, and could not be made to remember they were not designed for his declining years.

The quick patter of his feet grew slower, and the one ear which stood up so bravely upon all exciting occasions, rarely waked up to its former height, and every thing about the good old dog said plainly, that he was growing old, and would soon find that rest which I think dogs must sometimes crave.

Lord Byron, Landseer, and other renowned men and great lovers of the canine race, contend that a dog has a soul which will meet their masters' in some blest abode, in the hereafter. If so, perhaps dear little Rover will meet his mistress again; but will he recognize in the changed old woman, the sprightly little maid whom he once loved, and by whom he was thought to be the dearest little fellow in the world. Who can tell?

S. M. D.

THE first day a little boy went to school, the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do."

AT a collection made at a charity fair a lady handed the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt reply. "Then take something, sir," she answered; "you know I am begging for the poor."

THE best way to condemn bad traits is by practicing good ones.

For the Myrtle.

Helping.

"Mamma," said little Carrie Dole, "do look out. There is Kate Rawson, and just see how she looks."

"Yes, dear," said her mother. "I see the poor girl."

Mrs. Dole looked at the forlorn child, not very much older than her own darling, with a twinge of conscience, as she thought of the great need that passed her door every day, and she was planning a way to help the poor waif, when Carrie called to her again.

"Mamma! Kate Rawson picked up an old rosebud, somebody had thrown away. Should you think she would? An old dead rosebud!"

"I suppose, dear," said mamma, "Kate has not any flowers at home, and is glad to have anything that looks like one. Don't you think a half dead rose would be better than nothing?"

"Perhaps," answered Carrie thoughtfully, "a little better, not much." All at once her face lighted up.

"Can't I give Kate one of my geranium blossoms and a leaf, or two leaves, mamma, to take home when she goes at night?"

"Yes, if you like," said her mother, "we will watch to give them to her when she passes the house."

Kate Rawson had picked up the rosebud without thinking much about it, but when she saw how withered it was, she said to herself, "Just my luck. Everything is spoilt before it gets to me," and she went on to her work, feeling a little more cross than she did before.

Things did not work right that day. The air was close in the mill, and the threads broke, and Kate was scolded for not attending to them, and scolded again for making a sullen answer. On the whole, it had been a hard day, and a very unhappy girl was trudging home at night, when pretty little Carrie Dole called after her,

"Kate! Kate! Stop a moment."

Kate stopped to see what was wanted, and the child ran up, and held out her little bouquet, saying, "Here are some good flowers for you, Katie, off my own plant, and mamma says, she'd like to have you come in in the morning. You'll come, won't you?"

"You little darling," said Kate, too much pleased and surprised to add anything more, and she kissed the bright lips and hurried away with her treasure.

It was a very little bouquet, a geranium blossom and two fragrant leaves, but Kate loved flowers, and had not had any for a long time, and the flowers and the kindness, together, made the close of the dull day seem very bright to her.

Carrie went back slowly, to the bright parlor, feeling very glad that she had given Kate the flower, but a little puzzled.

"Mamma," said she, "I know Kate liked it, but she didn't say so. Isn't she queer?"

Mamma had been looking out at the scene, and understood all about it. She told Carrie that Kate was happy because she gave her the little flower, and that God liked to have her do things to make others happy, and Carrie not really understanding why, was so sweet and good all the evening that papa said his "little sunbeam grew brighter all the time." *E. E. N.*

The Reason Why.

Why were you not at Sunday School this morning?

"I did not have my new hat," said a little girl that loved dress very much.

"I did not get up in time to get ready," said one that is not very industrious.

"I did not know my lesson, said one that would not study.

"I had lost my book, and was all the morning hunting for it," said a careless one.

"I was playing and forgot it," said a thoughtless boy.

"It was too cold," said a little girl with warm clothes and good shoes.

"My teacher is hardly ever there and I thought it was no use to go," said one who wanted a teacher.

"I went to the country and did not get back in time," said an indifferent girl.

"I was sick," said a boy who had eaten all the cake his mother had.

"I staid at home because it rained," said one with a good umbrella.—*Children's Friend.*

A FRENCH journal publishes the following paragraph: "The oldest journal in the world is published at Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, and with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff, as took place a thousand years ago. The only thing changed is the writers."

For the Myrtle.

The Abyssinians.

"This is a very strange picture Ella. Do come and look at it."

Ella answered her sisters call and said in reply to her remark,

"Oh yes, Anna, those are strange looking people to our eyes, but I have no doubt they are as interesting to each other as we are to the people around us."

"Who are they, Ella?"

"They are natives of Abyssinia, a people of Africa. You must admit that they are a fine looking race, though they are not exactly our style of form or feature."

"Are they black people, Ella?"

"They belong to the dark races and some of them are very black, but some are olive brown and some very light, almost white."

"Why, that is very singular, for the people of the same race to be all colors."

"Yes, it is singular. But true nevertheless. They are tall, graceful, and beautiful, and dress so simply that they keep their health and strength into a ripe old age. Some of the white races who think themselves much wiser than these poor Africans, might learn lessons in dress of them by which they would be profited."

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

He Leadeth Us.

He has made of one blood all the nations,
Though each seems alone and apart.
In color and language we differ,
Yet oneness remains in the heart.

And the God who broods tenderly over
These sheep thus wide scattered afar;
Will bring them at last to one pasture.
Beneath one fair Bethlehem star. *E. M. B.*

Little children, Christ has taught you—
He who reigns in worlds above—
To be kind to one another,
To remember "God is love."

SINCE Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

For the Myrtle.

Palm Sunday.

"DO you know what Sunday this is Harry?" said Mrs. Roe to her little boy.

"Yes mother, it is the 21st of March."

"I was not asking for the day of the month, my boy."

"What then mother?"

"My question was to see if you knew what church-rite is celebrated to-day."

"No mother, I do not know. Will you tell me?"

"Yes my child, this is Palm Sunday."

"What do you mean by Palm Sunday mother? That is a very strange word to put with Sunday."

"What? Palm?"

"Yes mother. I don't know any palm but the palm of my hand, and I can't see what that can have to do with Sunday."

"Oh what a foolish little boy," said Harry's mother, laughing. "Do you think there are no palms in the world save those in your own little hands?"

"I never heard of any others."

"Did you never hear of a palm tree?"

"I don't know but I have heard of palm trees," said Harry slowly, as if he were turning over in his memory something that was sleeping there. "I believe you told me last summer that the fans we used were leaves of palm trees."

"Yes, Harry. And if you try I think you can remember some other conversation that we have had about palm trees."

Harry remained silent a moment thinking intently, and then said, "I have never seen a palm-tree, have I mother?"

"No my child, I did not say that you would remember to have seen a palm-tree. I said you would remember, if you tried, a conversation we had about them."

"When was it, mother?"

"Not very long since. It was one morning after our scripture reading. Can't you recollect what I told you about Christ's entry into Jerusalem?"

"Oh, yes mother, I remember now. It was the time that he rode into the city and the people came in crowds and strewed the branches of trees in the path for him to ride over."

"That is it my boy. And the trees from which those branches were taken, were palm trees."

"And was it on a Sunday mother that Christ went to Jerusalem?"

"Yes it was the last Sunday that he spent upon the earth, and the day has been celebrated by the church ever since."

"Then that is the reason that they call it Palm Sunday, because on that day Christ rode over the palm branches."

"Yes my boy. We will go now to church and you will hear something more about this memorial service. *E. M. B.*

Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or to speak harshly, or use any improper word.

The Run-away Mice.

When the m^ther mouse went out one day,
The cook in the kitchen heard her say:
"Now pay attention, each little dear,
You must be good and all stay here;
There's plenty of room for you to play,
And you'll not starve while I'm away.
I know the pantry is very near,
And it is pleasanter there than here;
There's a barrel of flour, and a bag of rice,
And many things to tempt my mice;
But, alas, in the corner, on the floor,
A mouse-trap stands, close by the door;
And in it there is cheese and meat
To tempt the little mice to eat;
Now, will you obey?" their mother said.
Each little mousey shook its head—
"Oh, never fear, sweet mother dear,
When you come back you'll find us here."
But as soon as their mother dear had fled,
The fat little mouse to the others said:
"We know how mother always talks
Before she goes to take her walks;
While she's away she is in alarm
Lest we run out and come to harm;
If it is safe for *her* to go,
Why not for *us*, I'd like to know!"
Then the Good Mousey, very meek,
Said "Sister dear, I'd like to speak:
Our mother is older far, than we,
And wiser too, than we can be;
And when she says we must not roam,
I think we ought to stay at home."
Then the other mice began to scold;
"We think, Good Mouse, you're very bold,
It's not for such a child as you
To tell us what we'd better do;
You may stay home if you please,
But *we* are going to have some cheese;
And when our mother comes back, you may
'All the mice have run away,
For there was nothing here to eat,
And they were starved for cheese and meat;
Tell her to rest within this den,
And she'll see us all come home again.'"
Then Good Mousey cried: "Oh, do not go!—
Oh, do not grieve our mother so!"
But they only laughed at all her fears,
Knocked her about, and bit her ears,
And said: "Good morning, Mousey Good,
You shouldn't come now, if you would!
You can stay at home and keep the house,
That's all you're good for, Naughty Mouse!
Soon the Mother mouse came home in fear,
And cried: "Where are my children dear?
For I just heard the old cook say,
'I'm setting traps for mice to-day!'
"Alas," said Mousey, "Mother, sweet,
They all have gone for cheese and meat;
They were so starved they could not stay,
And for awhile they've run away;
But they said you must rest within this den,
And soon they'd all come home again;
So rest awhile, sweet mother dear,
And do not fret, nor shed a tear."
But the mother cried: "My darlings five,
I'll ne'er see you again alive!
Oh, why did you not my words obey,
And, like Mousey Good, stay home to-day?"
The mother cried, and ran about,
And at the door peeped softly out,
And then she said: "Oh, darlings dear,
I never more will see you here."
Then it grew late,—and then a noise
Of scolding cook, and shouting boys,—
Of barking dog, and hissing cat;
And then a noise—what's that? what's that?
A rushing in the mouse's den!
The naughty mice come home again!
"Squeak! squeak!" they cried with all their might,
"Oh, mother dear, we've had such a fright!
We went to get something good to eat—
A piece of bread, or cheese, or meat,—
But,—the dog was in the cellar,
We couldn't go there;
The cat was in the pantry,
Sitting on a chair.
So we crept to the kitchen,—
But little did we dream,
That we could make the old cook
Dance around and scream.
She called for the dog and cat,—
For Willy, and for Joe, and Pat,
And we were so frightened,
They chased us all about the room,
We made one rush,—and then.
You know how we came tumbling
And rolling in our den.
And now it seems so strange,—
It hardly can be true—
That we are all safe home again
To Mousey Good, and you.
And, mother dear, sweet mother dear,—
We'll be better and obey,
And never leave our home again,
Unless you say we may."

M. V. H.

Happiness.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I came to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man: "build thy house in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."—*Child's World.*

WE open the hearts of others when we open our own.

Tableaux from Whittier.

ARRANGED BY M. B. C. S.

CHARACTERS:— *Shah Akbar; The Abysinnian; Miriam.*

Three fine tableaux may be arranged from Whittier's "MIRIAM." The dress of the good SHAH AKBAR, the ABYSINNIAN, and MIRIAM may be copied from pictures of Oriental costume in Bible dictionaries, or illustrated books of Eastern travel.

SCENE I.—This scene should have the dim light of moonlit evening; Shah Akbar is seated in "an alcove of his cool harem." Miriam sits at his feet, holding his hand and looking upward. Before the curtain rises, read or recite,—

"Tell me, O Miriam, something thou hast read
In childhood, of the Master of thy faith,
Whom Islam also owns."
Then Miriam, glad of heart,
Began with low voice and moist eyes to tell
Of the all-loving Christ.

SCENE II.:—Shah Akbar sits upon his throne, stern, erect and angry. The Absinnian lies prostrate at his feet. Read or recite,—

"The Abysinnian knelt low at the feet
Of her stern lord. "Oh king, if it be meet,
And for thy honor's sake," she said, "that I,
Who am the humblest of thy slaves, should die,
I will not tax thy mercy to forgive."

SCENE III.:—The position of the two figures remain as in scene II. Miriam stands by the throne lifting the monarch's hand to her lips. Read or recite,—

"Straightway from a cloud
Of dainty shawls and veils of woven mist,
The Christian Miriam rose, and stooping, kissed
The monarch's hand. Loose down her shoulders bare
Swept all the rippling darkness of her hair.
"Alas!" she cried, "hast thou forgotten quite,
The words of Him we spoke of yesternight?"
"Whoso doth endure,
And pardon, of eternal life is sure?"

Strive for Excellence.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. This may be said of Sunday Schools as well as other kinds of work, and especially of teaching. Any one may "hear a lesson" in the old style, but to teach a lesson and make it an influence in the development of thought and life, requires thoughtful preparation and more than a lifeless development and enforcement of the lesson. One good lesson—a lesson which is definite and clearly presented, is worth fifty lessons taught in a careless or indifferent manner. And hence the duty of striving for excellence in teaching. No one should be satisfied with his present attainments and suffer himself to fossilize but in every way that is possible, he should strengthen himself for the work that is before him. With all the lesson helps, dictionaries, and commentaries; and with the many and cheap books and periodicals devoted to the science of teaching, there is no reason why we should not strive to realize our ideals. We may not reach them but there will be growth in the effort. We shall be made stronger, and the class better, and the school far more effective. The lesson should be taken up early in the week, studied and digested. The best way to teach the lesson to the particular class in our care, should be sought. Then there will not be so much heming and hawing on the part of the teacher, nor so much yawning on the part of the scholar. We repeat—strive for the highest excellence!

Gospel Banner.

Help the Children.

Parents, help the children. Help them in what? To study and learn the Sabbath School lessons. Do not let them go to the school with no lessons. Perhaps the whole family is studying the same subject. Talk it over together, and there will be some things you can tell the little ones, and some ways in which you can help them. There will be sure to be some things you can make them understand.

Older brothers and sisters, help the children. You have no idea, if you have not tried it, how much good you can do in this way. Moreover, you will find your own ideas of a subject much clearer, after you have tried to make it plain to your younger brothers and sisters.

Help them about reading their Sunday School books. When they say they have read them, talk with them about what they have read. Ask them questions about it. See if they remember it. See if they understand it. I have known children very desirous of a larger book to carry home. Do not encourage them to take any larger book than they can read; but rather decidedly discourage such a desire. Make them feel that to read and understand the book is the thing to be sought, not the carrying to and fro a book more suitable for their fathers and mothers than for themselves.—*S. S. Times.*

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW YORK.

—A New Mission School was established in Buffalo at the corner of North Division and Hickory Streets, last Sunday, under the auspices of the Universalist Church. Sunday School exercises were held at 2 o'clock, and there was a sermon appropriate to the occasion at 3 o'clock by Rev. L. J. Fletcher. About seventy pupils were in attendance, and much interest was manifested. A building has been leased, and now regular services will be held each Sunday afternoon. A general invitation is extended to all persons interested. The services are free, and strangers will be welcomed. May the pastors in our larger cities and towns imitate Bro. Fletcher's example. Much good can be done in this way. Often the founding of a Mission School results in the building of a church.

ILLINOIS.

— The Decatur Point parish gave its first entertainment for the benefit of the Sabbath School, on Friday evening, February 5th. It consisted of music, reading and tableaux. The receipts wers $45.77.

Helpers Wanted.

One copy each of the Suday School *Helper* for May, June, July and August 1872. Address Rev. A. H. Sweetser, No 62 School Street, Springfield Mass.

Rev. G. L. Demarest, editor of the *Helper* has prepared a Temperance Sunday School Concert Exercise which will be published in the Sunday School *Helper* for April.

LUKE xix. 38.

Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

"Oh Jimmy, we have had a splendid sermon this morning."

"Have we? What was it about?"

"Why do you say 'have *we?*' You haven't had any sermon at all."

"I know it was ours Andrew; for you will tell it to me, as you do every Sunday."

"Supposing I should refuse to tell the sermon to you some Sunday. It wouldn't be ours then, would it?"

"Yes it would be ours. Only you would be stealing my part, which you would'nt give to me."

"Oh no, Jimmy, you are very much mistaken there. How could I steal trom you what you had never possessed? I should rather say that you steal the sermon from me each Sunday, instead of going to church like a wise boy, and getting it in an honest way."

"Why no, Andrew, I don't steal the sermon from you, for you have it just the same after you have told it to me."

"Yes Jimmy you are right there. I have it more surely than if I did not repeat it. I listen more carefully than I should otherwise do, knowing that I shall be called on to tell it again. And then after hearing it, getting it out of my thoughts into words, makes it much clearer in my mind. I ought to be thankful that I have a little brother to hear, for in this way I am both hearer and preacher each Sunday."

"That is very pleasant, Andrew. Now tell me what the sermon was to-day."

"It was a Palm Sunday sermon."

"Oh I am sorry for that, for I know all about Palm Sunday."

"Oh no little boy, I guess not. It is great deal to say that you know *all* about any thing.

"Well, I do know all about Palm Sunday, for Bridget came home from the Catholic meeting half an hour ago, and she brought a green bough which she said the priest gave her, because it was Palm Sunday, and then she told me all about what she meant by that.

"Now Jimmy since you say that you know *all* about Palm Sunday, let me ask you a few questions about it, and see how long your knowledge will hold out. First why is it called Palm Sunday?"

"Because it is the anniversary of the day on which our Saviour rode over the branches of the palm trees, which the people threw down before him."

"Very well. Where was Christ going at this time?"

"I don't know."

"And where was he going from?"

"I don't know."

"Which Sunday in the life of Christ was this?"

"I don't know."

Who were the people who strewed their garments, and the Palm branches in his way?"

"I don't know."

"Why did they do him this honor?"

"I don't know."

"And what were their expressions of praise as they joined this grand triumphal march?"

"Oh I don't know Andrew. What is the use of knowing all these things. Don't ask me any more questions about it."

"I have not been asking you these questions to vex you my dear little brother."

"Then why have you asked them

"Only that I might get you to understand how little we sometimes know about a subject when we think we know *all* about it."

"Tell me the answer to the questions Andrew, and I will be more careful another time how I speak."

"I will answer the questions, as these anwers will lead to the sermon. On this Palm Sunday Christ was going from Bethany to Jerusalem, as it was the last Sunday that he was to spend on the earth. The people came out from Jerusalem to meet him, and joined the crowds that had already come to him from Bethany and Bethpage, and the country round about, and they all strove to do him honor, because they believed him to be the very king of kings and Lord of Lords. Then they threw down their garments and the palm branches, and cried, 'Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord.' They were obedient followers of Jesus. They took Him for their captain, they acknowledged Him for their leader, they were willing that His will should be done in heaven and on the earth. Do you see the sermon Jimmy?"

"No, that is something told about Christ, but I don't see any sermon in it."

"The sermon is here. Christ's kingdom cannot come on the earth except as it comes through obedient human hearts. If we have such hearts to-day, we are strewing palm branches for the oncoming King, and this is Palm Sunday indeed to us. If we have not such hearts, but are wilfully wicked and disobedient, then we make no part of the great triumphal procession, and Palm Sunday is only a name to us in our wandering.

Bible Question.

Where and in what connection is the word Judge first mentioned in the Bible? *Aunt Lettie.*

Miscellaneous Questions.

When are the Lord's mercies new? Whom does he crown with tender mercies

What should be to the children of Israel the first month of the year

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